

King's Children.

KING'S CHILDREN OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

C. F. YODER.

Mine eyes have seen the dawning of the blest millennium,
Mine ears have caught the chorus of the hosts of ransomed ones,
My soul is filled with glory for behold the kingdom comes—

Our God is marching on.

CHORUS.

For the Christ and for his kingdom,
For God's truth and man's salvation,
For love's glorious dominion
Our youth are marching on.

Lo the great commission now is soon about to be fulfilled,

Lo the kingdom glorious still triumphs ever as he willed,

Lo the latest enemy shall very soon be made to yield—

Christ's kingdom's marching on.

For the Christ and for His kingdom, lo I hear a battle cry,

Loyal legions now approaching, loyal hearts are beating high,

Trusting firmly in the promise—truth shall triumph by and by—

King's Children marching on.

There's a fire of consecration that enkindles all the host,

There's a singleness of purpose and a zeal to save the lost,

There's a manifested presence of the promised Holy Ghost—

King's Children marching on.

We have heard the call to duty, we have seen the harvest white,

We have heard the nations calling, vainly calling for the light,

Let us forth unto the battle, to the battle for the right—

King's Children marching on.

HOW JIM WAS MADE SORRY.

Harry Thorn was very fond of pets; and when his mother moved far up town, she thought she would have a better chance to indulge her little boy's fancy in this matter, than when they hadn't, to use her own expression, "an inch of room."

But, alas! there is always some drawback. There was a nice long yard at the back of the house; but when Harry had his hen-house arranged at the lower end, and his doves and chickens all nicely settled, he one day espied a boy's eye peeping through a knot-hole in the fence.

A squirrel couldn't have climbed that fence much more nimbly than Harry did; and what was his disgust to discover, squatting on the other side, a dirty, tousle-headed, small urchin, whose eyes looked so sharp that Harry fancied they might see through the boards, even if there had been no hole at all.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the boy on the fence to the one on the ground.

"Nothin'," answered tatterdemalion from below.

"Yes, you are," returned the property-holder from above; "you're peeping at my doves and chickens."

"Well, I ain't a hurtin' 'em," replied the other.

"Next thing you'll be stealing them, or something; I know you will, so you just clear out," cried Harry.

"Shan't do nothin' o' the sort. That's your side o' the fence, an' this is mine, so clear out yourself," was the retort, accompanied by a certain flourish of arms and legs, and a horrible grimace.

Harry looked around. Sure enough, there was a row of small tenement houses at the back of their yard, and the sharp-eyed boy was on his own territory.

Straightway Harry ran to tell his mother the unwelcome news of disagreeable neighbors, and they both expressed their apprehensions of trouble from that quarter; nor were their fears groundless, for the very next morning one of Harry's pigeons had a broken leg, and a week later a chicken was found dead in the yard.

After each of these mishaps, the owner of the unfortunate birds was in a state of towering indignation, and climbing to the top of that fence, he eased his mind, though no boy was visible, in this style:

"I know you're there Jim (he had learned that the weasel-eyed boy was called Jim,) and now, I tell you what it is, you had better let my things alone, or I'll make you sorry you touched them—you good-for-nothing ragamuffin, you," with much more such like defiance and exhortation.

Not long afterward, Harry had a new pet, a lovely white rabbit, and he spent the whole day succeeding its arrival in making its acquaintance and fondling it.

Imagine then his grief and chagrin on going the next morning to greet his new favorite, to find it dead—poisoned. This was too much, and though he was ten years old, he wept bitterly.

Two or three mornings later, Harry woke earlier than usual, and thinking of his pets, jumped out of bed, ran to the window and looked down the yard to see if Ellen had opened the hen-house. She had not, so the lad put on his clothes and went to do it himself; but as he reached the place he heard a strange sound on the other side of the fence. It was somebody crying, or rather sobbing, and in a very odd manner; so again he mounted that paling to see what was there.

It was Jim, lying all in a heap between an old barrel and the fence, and he was shaking so that his teeth rattled as the sobs came through them.

Harry gazed a moment, then said: "Jim, what's the matter?"

No answer, and the sobbing ceased, but not the shaking, nor the chattering teeth.

Then Harry let himself down, went close to the little fellow, coiled up and looking like a galvanized bundle of rags, saying, "Jim, Jim, what ails you?"

"Got the ager," was the answer from Jim's rattling teeth.

"What are you out of doors for, then, at this time of the morning?" was Harry's next question.

"Cause," and the boy stirred a little, so that he could see the other's face; and finding only wonder and pity there, he added, as he removed the arm that concealed his own visage. "Cause father put me out last night—been out all night."

Here Harry perceived that one side of Jim's face was swollen and livid, so he cried, "Why! what did that?"

"Father," was the sententious reply, as the poor boy again covered his face, and went on shaking and sobbing.

Harry forgot all about vengeance, hurried home, roused his mother, and before half an hour had elapsed, the miserable little Jim had been brought into Mrs. Thorn's house, and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. He did not say much for some hours, for when the ague ceased, the fever came on; and when this passed, he slept.

At last he awoke, looked around, and, seeing Harry, said, "Say, I am awful sorry I killed your chicken and your rabbit. I dunno what made me do it, but I guess I was mad 'cause I hadn't nothin'; an' father drinks, an' he beats me—an' you wouldn't let me look at 'em; but p'raps I can get you another rabbit by'm by."

It was now Harry's turn to be sorry—sorry he had been so selfish, so cross, and so ready to believe evil of that unfortunate child of poverty and sorrow; but both he and his mother made amends for their fault or mistake, whichever it might be; for they became good, helpful friends to the worse than orphan boy, and did not cease to care for him until he was able to support himself.—*Words of Life.*

A GREAT railroad corporation recently collected and tabulated all the facts pertaining to the men and conditions of every accident which occurred on its lines for five years. Forty per cent. of all accidents were due altogether or in part to the failures of men who were drinking, beside eighteen per cent. where there was every cause for suspicion as a similar condition. In one year over \$1,000,000 worth of property was destroyed by the mistakes or irresponsibility of beer-drinking engineers and switchmen.